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## New Sculptural Art Speaker's Topic

### Lorado Taft Speaks at Bridgewater.

Lorado Taft well known sculptor held his audience enthralled in a recent lecture on his idea of a new sculptural art. Mr. Taft was brought to us by means of the culture fund.

Lorado Taft was born at Elmwood, Peoria County, Illinois, in 1860. He is a graduate of the University of Illinois where his father was for many years professor of geology. His interest in sculpture began at the age of thirteen when he was permitted to help a Belgian sculptor repair a collection of casts which had reached the university badly damaged in transit. The boy found it a delightful game to pick the pieces out of the packing boxes and fit them together, like assembling a jig-saw puzzle. His enthusiasm continued thru his college years and after graduation Mr. Taft went to Paris where in the Ecole des Beaux Arts and independently he studies for five years. In January, 1886, he opened a studio in Chicago where he has since resided. As instructor in modeling and later as lecturer he has been connected with the Art Institute of Chicago for 35 years.

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## Campus Carnival Minus the Campus!

### How to Overcome the Situation is Problem of the Committee.

This year the great problem before those on the Campus Carnival committee is the planning of the carnival without the use of the lower campus. The effectiveness of the carnival depends a great deal upon its location. There have been, however, several suggestions as to where we might have it. The first place suggested is the triangular piece of land between the tennis courts and Summer street, including that section used as an archery course. It has also been suggested that we might use the lawn beside the auditorium, including the whole corner between Cedar and Grove streets. The third suggestion, which seems to be the most unlikely to be used of the three, is the campus in front of the school building. The use of this might mean spoiling the lawn in front of the building, and this does not sound advisable.

It is possible that we may all turn into Scandinavian on the night of the carnival. Should this happen, we might be lucky enough to enjoy some of the good old cakes and cookies that we used to have back on the "Peninsula."

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### To the Student Body:

The "new Campus Comment" will continue on this size sheet, only it will be a four page instead of an eight page paper. As this is something new it was decided to call it a double issue at twenty cents a copy and representing the two months, March and April.

## Famous composer, Mrs. H. H. A. Beach, Gives Concert at Bridgewater

Mrs. Beach, well known American composer at piano — Mrs. Lillian Burbaum, soprano; and Normal School Glee Club will present Concert on May 1.

A program of special interest to music lovers has been arranged by Miss Frieda Rand of the faculty. Mrs. H. H. A. Beach, well known American composer and pianist with Mrs. Lillian Burbaum, soprano; and the Normal School Glee Club will present a concert of her compositions on the evening of May 1 at the Horace Mann Auditorium.

The choruses to be sung by the Glee Club have been arranged by Mrs. Beach and are:

The Year's at the Spring  
Far Awa'  
Shena Van  
At the Manger

Mrs. H. H. A. Beach has given much to American music and is still to give more. She has been recognized by leaders in music as an artist.

Mrs. Beach is a genius. Even at the age of four she wrote and memorized very difficult music. At the age of seven she played Beethoven sonatas, and Chopin waltzes. Her parents preferred to have her wait until she was older before making her debut, so it was not until she was 16 that she made her first stage appearance in Boston, a success for she could not have been otherwise, she was at 17 playing with the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

Not content with playing other's compositions, her creative impulse led her to the study of advanced composition, which study

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## Graduating B's Hold Election

Grace Brace, President; Helen Gove, Secretary; Mary Flaherty, Treasurer. The graduating B's held their first class meeting Tuesday, April 7, at which Grace Brace was elected as president, Genevieve Logan as vice President, Helen Gove as secretary, and Mary Flaherty as treasurer. Harold Goeres, president of the senior class, asked the newly organized class to be thinking about whom they should elect to class day and prom committees.

## Dormitories Hold Open House on May 3

Invite your mother and father to partake of a cup of tea with your favorite teacher, take them around the dormitories and exhibit the prize rooms; ask your boyfriend to come and visit you "at home" in the dorm.

All this you may do on May 13 when Open House will be observed in all the dormitories. Rooms will be open for inspection from two o'clock until five o'clock in the afternoon and tea will be served in Normal Hall.

Men of the school and day students are cordially invited.

## A Group of Juniors and Seniors visit Mrs. Gardner's Palace

Tuesday, April 7, Miss Lovett with some junior and senior girls visited Mrs. Jack Gardner's Palace in Boston. A very efficient guide escorted the group through the palatial museum, pointing out some of the most valued of Mrs. Gardner's collection, and relating incidents about others.

The garden, a source of delight within the building, was impressive in its arrangement of varied flowers in complimentary harmony, added to the beauty of which was a profusion of Easter lilies.

Although one could not fully appreciate the grandeur and exquisiteness of this home in his first visit, the group felt that a great deal of value had been derived from it.

## Scouts Send Delegate to Cedar Hill

Bridgewater has the biggest and most active girl scout troop of all the normal schools and colleges of the state. Isn't that something to say! We sent a delegate to the conference of normal schools and colleges at Cedar Hill and there realized this fact. Lowell Normal seems to be doing a fine piece of work too. Their aim for the year is service, incidentally, ours is loyalty, and they have carried their aim out in a well-rounded service program helping those in need of food and cheer every month, practicing and acquiring leadership in giving their services to the younger troops in Lowell and showing to the new scouts the right way to real service. Mount Holyoke, Wellesley, Jackson, and Simmons have planned and carried out more of recreational and inspirational meetings. Mount Holyoke goes out for camping trips, have supper parties, trail-

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## Many Activities For Weekend of May 15

Dramatic Club Play and a Dance.

An informal dance under the auspices of Normal Offering will be held May 16 in the gymnasium. On Friday night of the same week the Dramatic Club will present Shakespeare's Merchant of Venice with the following cast. Duke of Venice — Hazel Gleason Antonio — Barbara Randlett Bassanio — Evelyn Lindquist Salanio — Sara Suttill Salerio — Doris Southwick Gratiano — Elizabeth O'Donnell Lorenzo — Rose Linsley Shylock — Marian Balboni Tubal — Anne Clarke

Launcelot Gobbo — Ruth Petluck Old Gobbo — Louise Jackson Prince of Arragon — Margaret Ney

Nerissa — Ida Warr

Jessica — Elizabeth Giles

## Student Government Officers Elected

The result of the election of Student Government officials, to assume office at the beginning of the next school year is as follows:

Mary Aulbach was elected President.

Miss Aulbach was graduated from Quincy High School in 1928. There she held the position of Literary Editor on the "Golden Rod." She was a member of the English Club, Thalia Club, and Quincy-Bridgewater Club.

Bettina King, Vice President elect, was graduated from Melrose High School in 1928. Her record of activities includes French Club membership, an active participation in Girl Scouts, Choir, Orchestra, and school athletics.

Etta Larkin, elected Secretary, was Athletic Editor of The Punchard High School Newspaper and a member of the basketball and baseball squads.

Mary Carrol, elected Treasurer, was graduated from Bridgewater High School in 1929. Membership in the Ousamequim Club, Literary Editor of the "Periscope," President of the freshmen and sophomore class, and membership in the K. P. K. Club constituted some of her school activities.

## Inauguration Ceremonies

A committee of five students is working on a plan for the inauguration of the new officers of the Student Government Association. Questionnaires have been sent to several schools and interesting answers are being received. The idea was brought up after receiving a letter from one of the Normal schools asking how the officers of our Association were inaugurated.

## Garden Club Sponsors a May Party

### May Queen will be Chosen by the Student Body

Garden Club is sponsoring a rare treat for everyone—faculty, students, guests on May 8th when they will present an old fashioned May Party. On that evening the Queen of the May, chosen by the student body, but whose identity will be kept secret until that time, will dispense hospitality to her guests in the Albert Gardner Boyden Gymnasium. A colorful maypole dance will provide an anti-climax to the coronation ceremonies.

## Second Student Government Formal a Success

### Two Rooms of the Balcony Opened

Under gaily - striped awnings and yellow and orange lanterns, and among a profusion of flowers grouped in the corners and around the room, 140 couples attended the semi-annual dance of the Student Cooperative Association, and danced to music by the Inter-collegiate Orchestra from Middleboro.

Trellises on which flowers grew in perfect imitation of the real thing were the last note in the decorative scheme. Miss Barbara Beesley, general chairman was assisted by the following: Hospitality, Mary Carrol; Refreshments, Teresa Larkin; Tickets, Ruth Glidden; Music, Harold Goeres, Clean-up, Marion Nash; and Decoration, Cecile Giguere.

The formal dances have been so popular that it was necessary to open the two upstairs rooms and the balcony for dancing, so that there was not only artistic decorations, a good orchestra, and dainty refreshments, but plenty of room for dancing, a feature which in itself helped much in making the dance such a great success.

The patrons and patronesses were Dr. and Mrs. Boyden, Miss S. Elizabeth Pope, Mr. and Mrs. Kelley, Mr. and Mrs. Hunt, Mr. and Mrs. Durgin, and Miss Mary Caldwell. The Student Cooperative Association officers in the receiving line were, Virginia Cunningham, president; Barbara Beesley, vice-president; Gladys Wilkie, treasurer; and Alice Swenson, Secretary.

As the last strains of music faded away, and the orchestra members put away their musical instruments, the decorations seemed to put on a last bit of splendor as the gaily - dressed girls and their escorts went in various directions homeward, one and all exclaiming what a wonderful time they had had.

## STAFF

Editor-in-chief, Elizabeth O'Donnell; Assistant Editor, Walker Trafton; Literary Editor, Dorothy Gallant; Assistant Literary Editors, Doris Ekstrom, Edward Landy; Business Manager, Nathan Bulotsky; Assistant Business Manager, Charles Clough; Advertising Manager, Ida Warr; Assistant Advertising Manager, Margaret VanHouten; Social Editor, Cerise Alm; Art Editor, Florence Brown; Exchange Editor, Tillie Jacobson; Sport Editors, Dorothy Dinegan, Thomas Cullen; Joke Editors, Harold Goeres, Alfred Averill; Alumni Editors, Day Students, Norma Johnston; Dorm Students, Jean Ferguson; Reportorial Staff, Cora Anger, Verda Dunn, Betty Evans, Ruth Marsden, Elizabeth McConarty, Ruth Petluck, Emma White.



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## EDITORIALS

## Editorially Speaking

There may be variations in winds and rainfall but when it comes to Chapel Programs Bridgewater students show even greater variations. As we considered the wide range of subjects, types, and methods of presentation, we were surprised, amazed, and even astonished. From block printing to illustrated lectures! from superintendents to freshmen men! what subjects — what speakers!

This year Bridgewater has certainly lived up to its reputation for interesting programs in every way. Even the "notices from the floor" have been slightly unusual, from the Library Club manner of climbing steps to J. Aubrey Evans' mimicry of Helen Morgan. And then there was a freshman whose method of address brought gales of laughter. The programs themselves have been exceptional but the one which remains clearest in the minds of everyone was that entertaining song recital of the Girl Scouts. We knew Girl Scouts blew bugles and all that, but we weren't prepared for the outburst of harmony, the clever costumes, and the antics of the dusky trio! May we have more such!

The freshman men also surprised us in their inspiring talks. We learned to shun garages near Hyannis, never to consider taking a job as delivery man, soda fountain clerk, or rodeoist (we like that word, too) but to aspire instead to the heights of free surgery. More finished oratory naturally came from the Junior men whose ringing tones and clarity of expression amazed the ears of those who knew them in former days. Pro and Con added to the list of public speakers and we learned many and diverse facts from that ambitious group of writers in the writing course. Being modest folk, the Campus Comment Editors refrain from mentioning the unusually fine speeches made by their delegates.

We delved into the arts and learned to block print. One needs several mallets, steam-rollers, and chisels, we infer, to work an insignificant piece of linoleum. We viewed motion pictures of the beauties of the Canadian Rockies and some of early Colonial spinning and weaving (though one poor little B fails to understand how they could take movies 300 years ago). We saw the progress of the French Club from prehistoric to present times in charming tableaux, especially the picture of the Colonial dancers.

Of course we could hardly leave the subject at hand without mentioning the splendid talks of Mr. Scully and Mr. Hardy who have given us much material and higher ideals. Culture Fund lectures, also, though not strictly Chapel Programs, have more than lived up to their purpose and the instructive lectures from the Science Club have added to our store of knowledge. (Note: We must read "The Science of Life.")

We hope we have omitted none; we think we have included all. However, notwithstanding, and nevertheless, we're strong for Chapel Programs to start the day right.

P. S. We forgot Miss Rand. We love to sing on Fridays but if we can't we also love to listen to the orchestra!

## On Being a Cynic

There comes a time in the growing-up period of every young person when to be a cynic seems the most exalted position in the world. He reads of Voltaire and likes the dashing sound of the name. Perhaps he studies a little of the Rubaiyat and mistakes the beauty of the meter and metaphor for the beauty of thought. He receives the impression that a cynic is a person who has suffered some sort of intolerable tortures of the mind or has had overwhelming reverses of fortune. In short, a cynic is a martyr to the cause, a figure worthy of respect and pity. He even practices being a cynic on a small scale. He assumes an air of bored superiority if the math lesson is long and quite unintelligible and sighs, "The world expects too much of me." He finds it a comfortable feeling and indulges in writing some free verse as a balm for his injured feelings. Of course he tells no one of this. It is a secret buried in his own breast, but he intends to be a real cynic some day

when the rabble will gaze at him in open-mouthed wonder and consider him an object of awe.

Some day he acquires a new friend, an older friend who is very sympathetic and who seems to him worldly-wise. He confides in him a great deal. When, in the course of these confidences, he tells him of a problem that has troubled him for a long time and at the end exclaims in genuine despair, "What's the use of trying?", and his friend answers, "you are a bit cynical"; much as one would say, "you are a coward", he is shocked. It is as if a star at which he had been accustomed to gaze had suddenly fallen beside him and showed itself to be nothing but blackened stone. Somehow it doesn't sound right to be called cynical. Upon thinking about it, he discovers that he does not know the meaning of the word so he goes to his honest old friend the dictionary for enlightenment. The dictionary frankly defines a cynic as a morose, surly person. Why, a cynic isn't anything fine and noble, but only a grumpy old person like his Uncle Bob who was always complaining.

Thus is the budding cynicism of many thoughtful youngsters checked.

## Our Culture Fund

One of the advantages of the present system of coöperative government in our school is that it provides for us a Culture Fund. Last year we gained some idea of what such a fund might bring to us. This year, perhaps, we have accepted each feature of the Culture Program as our due without much further consideration.

If, however, we will consider these various people as a group we may be able to realize the important share they have had this year in contributing to our cultural background.

To reach some interest of every member in the school we feel has been the aim of the Program Committee this year. Through Maurice Hindus we have become better acquainted with a most interesting and discussed foreign country — Russia. With Professor Clarence Jones we have visited and realized the growing importance of commercial South America. The Princess Der Ling and No Jong Park have helped us to better understand that problem called China. If we are internationally awake we have been particularly interested by this phase of our Culture Program.

The artistic appreciation of our own natural wonders in Mr. Warren Poor's "Scenic America" picture and talk represents another side of the program.

Psychoanalysis, a subject about which we are always wondering and questioning — his subject alone would have made us appreciate Mr. Fritz Wittels.

Certainly, the Culture Program Committee this year may be commended for its arrangement of a varied and appealing program. If we disliked any one thing we have been able to say we liked the rest and, also, the one we disliked may have filled a niche in our cultural background.

## Aims of Assemblies

Since the assembly has been so generally accepted by the junior high schools of the United States, it is evident that educators agree that there are certain aims to be accomplished.

An article in the October 1930 issue of the Educational Method magazine, a journal of progressive public schools, shows the aims of assembly programs as formulated and explained by Olga Schwelling of San Francisco, California.

An assembly has a threefold value: it increases the student's knowledge and supplements class work; second, it develops his native abilities by giving him opportunity to participate along lines particularly suited to him; and third, it has an ethical value for every student as well as for the entire group.

The student's knowledge may be increased along certain topics by educational motion pictures, by talks, illustrated by slides, by instructive plays, pantomimes, or discussions.

The native abilities are developed through participation. The assembly affords many opportunities of increasing aptitudes in many directions. Students adapted to leadership may hold executive office; those interested in stage settings may be made responsible for the arrangement of scenery; boys inclined toward the study of electricity may regulate the stage lights and assist in the projection room. Students gifted in oratorical ability may develop their talent by addressing the group. As the children continue to coöperate improvement in all lines will be evident.

The ethical value of meetings together is great. Pupils learn to work together. Courtesy and thoughtfulness are developed. Culture and refinement increase as they appreciate and enjoy good music and valuable works of art. The attitude of the child toward his school may be improved. Therefore, assemblies may serve as a means of unifying and supplementing instruction, stimulating greater mental activity, and increasing school spirit and loyalty.

## Bach Festival

Boston, for the past few days, has been the scene of the festival of the music of Johann Sebastian Bach as rendered by the Boston Symphony Orchestra conducted by Dr. Serge Koussivitzky and given in the Orchestra's fiftieth season in honor of its founder, Henry L. Higginson. The orchestra was assisted by the Harvard Glee Club, the Radcliffe Choral Society and the Bach Cantata Club. The various instruments as harpsichord and organ were particularly interesting.

At the second concert, Dr. Bliss Perry, who knew Mr. Higginson, gave the great audience a vivid picture of the man. Dr. Koussivitzky paid eloquent tribute to this great friend of music, and the music of Johann Sebastian Bach. Dr. Bliss Perry struck the note of appreciation when he said, "Beauty and truth do not go out of fashion, any more than Johann Sebastian Bach goes out of fashion."

## Mrs. Beach

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she undertook by herself. She has the fantasy and imagination which constantly take her to new fields of composition; the mind that directs her flights of fancy intelligently, and the soul of the musician.

Mrs. Beach has written much among her many compositions she has some of universal appeal as: The Year's at the Spring, which the club will sing; Oh, Love But A Day. Some of the piano numbers widely acclaimed are: Gavotte Fantastique, Hearts-ease, Tyrolian, Valse Fantasia, Scottish Legend, and Concerto in C-sharp Minor.

She has composed a scenia and an aria for contralto and orchestra sung with the New York Symphony Society. She has written the first work by a woman and an American to be given at these concerts, which Walter Damrasch conducted.

Although an American protegee she has traveled extensively, but Mrs. Beach has not seen life through the eyes of a materialist. She has a warmth of nature, and a rich pleasure in the work of others for she is interested in people, and has a beautiful enthusiasm for life.

It is indeed a privilege to welcome such an artist and every student at Bridgewater will take this opportunity.

The stubb in the Budget Book which says "Glee Club Concert" may be exchanged for reserved seats, otherwise the price is fifty cents.

## The Success Family

The father of Success is Work  
The mother of Success is Ambition  
The oldest son is Common Sense  
Some of the other boys are Perseverance, Honesty, Thoroughness, Foresight, Enthusiasm, and Co-operation.

The oldest daughter is Character.

## Top of the Tower

This column includes a great deal because it has such a high altitude it witnesses much. We hope you will like this new column and help us build it up.

## IRONY?

I met with a Portuguese laborer—  
He on his bicycle, I in my car,  
He with his pipe and a dinner pail,  
I with my books and a lunch box.  
We nodded, and each passed on,  
Thinking how lucky the other was.  
—D. White

At Framingham the Freshman Class (freshmen are always optimistic) has just started a newspaper, "Hill-top News." As yet it is only a four-sheet mimeographed class project, but it's a clever little paper, and the whole school seems to be taking this fledgling of the newspaper world under its wing, so we expect big things of it in the future.

"Scarcely a man is now alive" who does not remember the famed letter-carrier who went for a walk on his day off. Queer, wasn't he. Well, listen to this (We hope your loyalty to our Alma Mater will not allow you to spread the shameful tale beyond the campus). It is with great pain that we admit that a Cape Codder from B. N. S. ordered **fish** at a banquet in New York."

## A Mood in Geography Class

## (Apologies to Mr. Huffington)

I'd love to go to Mexico  
It's such a pretty pink,  
And even the Himalayas  
Are a lovely shade, I think.

Ireland is a bluish green  
And Borneo is red—  
I'd rather go to Japan tho'  
Where it is gold instead.

## Name It and You May Have It

"Are there any problems to raise?"  
"Am I right, girls?"  
"Class, look at me."  
"Coax it."  
"When I write my book (believe it or not)—"  
"Speak United States."  
"Let's fish around in this pool."  
"An old graduate sent me these."  
"Are you a leader?"  
"My nephew does this."  
"Do you call that really college grade?"  
"As I said before."  
"Now supposing."  
"The first row may be hens, the third ducks."  
"Yes, yes that's right."  
"That's interesting."  
"Consult Petit Larousse."

Some of her sisters are Cheerfulness, Loyalty, Courtesy, Care, Economy, Sincerity and Harmony.

The baby is Opportunity.  
Get acquainted with the "old man" and you will be able to get along pretty well with the rest of the family.—American Outlook.



## FORUM

### Vital Questions

Recent articles on the forum call attention to problems discussed here. The main currents of discussion revolve about electives, standards, and teaching loads.

Should not more electives be offered to increase the opportunity to specialize? The few electives that exist are crowded into the senior year which automatically eliminates **majoring**. This creates a hardship for those who wish to teach above the sixth grade and handicaps those who wish to advance further in education. By having a greater number of electives, especially during the first three years, opportunity for specialization and future advancement would be improved.

Would it not be better to have many subjects that are now compulsory, elective, such as; mechanical drawing, woodworking, and penmanship, or, at least, not as much time devoted to them as there is now? By cutting down the requirements on these more time can be had for other subjects in which the student wishes to specialize. If the student so desires he can specialize in one of the above or merely continue in the general course. Besides reducing the number of compulsory subjects more time can be secured for specialization by the redistribution of credit hours.

Is it not wiser to distribute credit hours on the basis of quality and quantity of work done rather than on time spent in class? Should subjects requiring no outside preparation be given the same credit as subjects which require considerable outside work? In this way better work will be done, since the student can elect fewer subjects and secure the required number of credit hours. Closely connected with the securing of more electives is the raising of standards.

With the redistribution of credits teachers can expect better work. Students do not have the time to do any intensive work under present conditions. They carry too many subjects. If a student majors in a group of allied subjects, the teachers can and should expect better quality and more quantity. Specification will improve the present condition of student teaching. Lack of time, and other subject requirements, can not be offered as excuses for poor preparation. Not only should standards within the school be raised, but admittance should be made more difficult.

By raising admittance requirements will not later disappointment and unpleasantness be eliminated? Fifteen certified units should be required and closer distinction drawn between class A and class B high schools.

Individual differences of entering students should be taken into consideration. Why not allow students who are capable of doing advanced work do so?

Will not improvement of the elective situation, redistribution of credits, and raising of standards help the teaching situation? The number of classes that each instructor has a week at present makes it difficult for him to do justice to his work. Students will be more interested in the different subjects and will participate more actively in the work. The number of teaching hours can be reduced by cutting down the number of compulsory classes and increasing the number of credit hours. Thus the teaching accomplishment will be improved.

The elective situation can be improved by reducing the number of compulsory subjects, redistributing credits, and having more electives during the first three years. This will admit of better opportunity for specialization. Together with this improvement standards should be raised and teaching loads reduced. The raising of standards and the reducing of teaching hours will not only improve the conditions at the school, but will result in the graduation of even better prepared students and increase our reputation as a preparatory school for teachers.

### How Come!

That people who break rules most of the time can do it while others who break an occasional one never do get by? Why is it the same people can walk out of classes on false pretenses and yet are called the outstanding members of a class and are lauded continually as well as given the honors in school life. This, dear editor, has caused us much thought and puzzled us — of course we understand that these people must be clever to play their little game, but can't you help us solve it?

This task is not a very pleasant one, but a necessary one, I fear. First let me say to you and to other readers that the purpose of the Forum is not to allow people to give vent to personal grudges. The reason for printing this article is to give an example to others of what we mean by an article which seems to have this tendency. Did you perhaps write this article when you were at a white heat over the most recent escapades of these few and did not stop to think it over? Perhaps you will be much happier if you ignore these unpleasant things.

The Editor.

## A B-2 Tells Us

Dear Editor,

"Oh, Campus Comment is all right, but that is all, I am disappointed in it as a school paper, because it is just like the average, fair, or indifferent school paper in circulation. It hasn't, for one thing enough individuality. I would like a paper that screams "Bridgewater Normal!" just as though it were written in flaming letters across the front page. By that I don't mean that it should be a professional paper — Fate deliver us from that — but a paper about the pleasant things going on here at school.

I like the interviews — but the jokes! Can't we have some unfamiliar if not original ones? They would be much more enjoyable.

With a school-paper that typifies the school, and the students here, everyone would look forward to the next edition, and proudly displaying it would say "This is **our** school paper."

Thank you, B2, you have the idea — with the help of the students we will make a big effort.

Dear Editor,

Something is radically wrong when students cannot talk about anything. Try and visit an instructor's office some day. His first question will be "What can I do for you?" or "What is on your mind?"

Now really one cannot say, "I don't want to see you about anything," or "Nothing is on my mind." Either would be disastrous.

The situation is alarming. What has become of the old fashioned talk about nothing at all? Conversation is becoming a long-neglected art. Today people ask and answer questions. They no longer merely talk for the pure joy of talking. Can a student get acquainted with an instructor whom he would like to know by asking any definite question, receiving an answer, and fleeing?

Only one recourse, as far as we can see. One can always talk to women about nothing. They like to talk about such a subject. Co-eds invariably grow bored and run away when any real topic of conversation is mentioned. Not that they are wrong in doing so; far from it. Matter of fact, business-like conversations are appalling. Of the two extremes, we stick by the co-eds. We like to talk about nothing.

Would that we might inveigle an instructor or two into a chance conversation about nothing in particular. After all, it is the only possible way of becoming acquainted.

We sincerely hope that the faculty will help us out.

Dear Editor,

It seems to me that the students at Bridgewater are rather too fond of criticizing the faculty when it would really do them more good if they turned the farces of criticism on themselves. They forget that there is such a thing as Bridgewater tradition. This school does not intend to turn out machine-made teachers, but rather it attempts to develop the powers of its students. Students are given character and social training although many of them are unaware of it yet, for they only consider the fact that a teacher does or does not teach a class just as they would have it done, but perhaps the teacher has really given them something worthwhile even though it is not in the textbook.

How much do you give toward the general discussion in a classroom — might be a question for them to answer. Some students feel that the teacher is being paid to pour knowledge into their heads — therefore he should use the class time entirely for textbook material. Classroom work would be more beneficial if each individual added what he could and aided at all times, instead of sitting back and checking up on the teacher's method.

Many of the students are childish and not professional. Do not misunderstand me — I do not mean that they should wear a long serious face all the time, but I do think that they should try to create a more dignified grown-up atmosphere at social functions as well as on the campus.

Continued later (if I live).

Bravo! Perhaps I had better assure you that this article was not written by a member of the faculty. The Editor.

## Have You Caught the Spirit?

Campus Comment staff has caught it and they are trying to spread it. If you should be interested drop into Miss Lovett's room on a Tuesday and a Thursday afternoon while the staff is working. Here you will see some people writing; some typing; a group in a corner writing personal news in the midst of laughter, everyone happy, alive, and busy.

We need some spirit like this to make our paper successful — are you going to help us out? The policy of the paper is to satisfy everyone, but it cannot be done until you as an individual are willing to do your share. As has been said before your paper reflects the type of students you are.

## Fun For Twenty Cents

### Miss Evelyn Lindquist Tells amusing incident

Have you ever felt like letting off steam after a period of mental absorption? That is the feeling we had one evening as we mounted the steep wooden stairs of a country moving-picture house. Puffing and panting, we reached the top of the creaky staircase, but immediately forgot our exhausted condition when we found the small sum of twenty cents would allow us to enter for an evening's entertainment. A short-ruddy-faced man acted as cashier, ticket-collector, and doorman, for he sold us the tickets, collected them, then opened the door with the request that we hurry, since the light from the hall affected the screen.

We in turn became our own ushers, and in the darkness we stumbled over feet, sat down where the bench was already occupied, and on the whole acted as though we were intoxicated. At last we found adequate place on one of the church-like benches, and with a sigh of relief we sat down to enjoy the silent movie.

Loud clapping and lusty shouts from the boys, together with shrill piercing screams from the girls, focused our attention immediately upon the main picture, and we soon realized that the hero (easily recognized because of his curly hair and winning smile) had just discovered a secret and dangerous plot of the villain (identified because of his mustache). We joined in with the chorus of shouts in order to increase the volume, and for several minutes the rafters echoed and re-echoed the noise.

(Cont. to page 4.)

### Sculptural Art Lecture by Taft (Cont. from page 1).

Mr. Taft's first ideal work of importance was at the Columbian Exposition, where he undertook the decoration of the Horticultural Building. Among his best known professional works are "The Solitude of the Soul," "The Blind," "Fountain of the Great Lakes," and "Black Hawk."

At an interview with Mr. Taft he said that children should become acquainted more with the finer interests and that these interests should be aroused early. He also said that he believed this much better than feeding the child with all the "trash which is prevalent today."

As a lecturer, Mr. Taft is an easy and fluent speaker, full of spontaneity, and alive with humor. He charmed his audience with wit, talking in a composed, genial way. Whether or not they were acquainted with sculpturing, all his audience found him a delightful lecturer.

Mr. Taft is a member of the National Academy of Design, of the American Academy of Arts and Letters, an honorary member of the American Institute of Architecture and is one of the Brothers of Art Advisers for the state of Illinois.

## Top of the Tower

(Continued)

### Evolution

Who found him there  
In dark despair?  
—Sad student.

Who marked the time  
He worked on rhyme?  
—Poor student.

Who saw the stack  
Of poems sent back?  
—Oh student!

Who knows the blows  
And bitter woes  
Of students?

Who'd guess the truth  
'Twas he forsooth  
A student—

Who stands up there  
Without a care  
A teacher.

## Pandomonium

We won!  
Pandemonium broke loose.  
For the first time in the history  
of the school

We won.  
What matter if it was a small  
score?

We won, didn't we?

Well!

Hm—

Fireworks!

Sis-boom-bah—

Sis-boom-bah—

We won.

Sky-rock-et-whiz-z—

Players shrieked,  
Students shrieked,  
Teachers shrieked,  
All shrieked.  
Tumult in the air.

Downpour from bleachers,  
Whirlpool of men.  
Pushing—  
Shoving—  
Hurling—

Man powerless against mass—

Pushing—

Shoving—

Hurling—

Falling—

What matter?

We won.

Pandemonium.

Autoist — "I clearly had the right of way when this man ran into me, and yet you say I am to blame."

Officer — "You certainly were."

Autoist — "Why?"

Officer — "Because his father is mayor, his brother is chief-of-police, and I go with his sister."

### SCRAM

She (to intruder): — What would you do if you met a porcupine?

He: — I'd drive it away.

She: — According to Hoyle, the socially correct thing to do would be to beg its pardon for disturbing it and make a hasty departure.

He: — Well, what's the point?

She: — Make believe I'm a porcupine.

## The Flea -- in the past, the present and the Future

This unusual announcement given by Mabel Harris of the A Class

If, perchance, necessity led you to the F volume of the World Book, your curiosity might be aroused, in passing, by the word "flea." Reading on, you find it characterized as "a troublesome, wingless insect."

A little more — one species is found all over the world, tormenting cats, dogs, rabbits, poultry, and even human beings. Another group infests birds. The true flea, so common in Africa and some European countries, which attacks human beings only, is rare in America although it is found in parts of California. A curious flea called "Chigoe" is troublesome in tropical America.

Not only are fleas annoying, but it has been discovered that the bubonic plague is transmitted through them from rats to man, as well as from one man to another. That fact suggested more careful study of this tiny quick jumping creature, so an exact wax model of the insect, 1,728,000 times the size of the living flea, has been made and is exhibited in the American Museum of Natural History in New York. In that model the biting parts of the insect are of special interest.

It is also remarkable to note the cleverness of the fleas which have been trained to do simple tricks. Rumor has it that a wealthy man once paid \$5,000 for such an insect.

All this you know; but do you know that your homes, not to mention this very school that you attend, are endangered by a new species of fleas? The new family has hatched and increased to startling numbers in almost no time.

The species varies slightly from the old familiar type. It is troublesome, it certainly is wingless, and it can be most annoying. However it is somewhat larger than the common flea though it may boast of that same somewhat flattened shape. True to species it may be hard shelled; and, in comparison with the body, the head is very small.

Though this class of fleas has not been long in existence, a youthful and energetic young lady has gathered some into an institution, undertaking the training of them in a peculiar kind of hop. All the students of the Bridgewater Normal School had the amazing opportunity to see these trained fleas perform. It was indeed an amazing opportunity — and free, too. Did you see them?

The date—February 18.

The trainer—Miss Caldwell.

The institution—our gym.

The species—Class A.

Johnny (gazing at a set of false teeth in the dentist's showcase) "Those are the kind of teeth I'm going to get when I grow up."

Mother — "Johnny, how many times have I told you not to pick your teeth in public?"

## The B's Use the Microscope

Oh, look at him scoot. No, not a mouse in the dormitory this time; just the B class using the microscope as a means of meeting new friends, namely, members of the protozoa phylum. What unique meetings they were — not the formal type with "Emily Post Introductions." Rather something like this: "Tell me what this one is, he's the funniest looking creature." Then quiet for a few minutes. Is it going to last? Oh no, Helen Sullivan has discovered a snake, one with cilia around it. "What o'clock is he?" someone asks, who promises to pay a penny for a peek. (Protozoa don't have wrist watches. This is just a scientific term meaning "Where is he?")

Others dispense with the customary "I should like to present" and use instead such expressions as "Celebrate, I have found something." "I think my protozoa are a species of the Rodifera." "Mine's kind of dumb, he doesn't move," or "Bless this little one's heart, he's got a flagella."

Such was the excitement in Miss Graves' room when she let the B class loose with the microscope. It might be added that the men were also present in the classroom; but, due to their minority, they were again completely subdued by the stronger sex.

## Mrs. Weber and Miss Dellicar Lecture to Senior Class

As part of the course in Modern Problems, under the direction of Miss Beal, speakers representing different phases of modern education lecture to the class.

Mrs. Weber of Middleboro who is field secretary of the Parent Teacher Association has been giving a six week course in P. T. A. work. At one lesson a dramatization was given by members of the Class to illustrate the needs and benefits of a P. T. A.

Miss Dellicar, supervisor of the junior high schools in Quincy, spoke at one meeting on "Supervised Study." She stresses particularly the difference between real supervised study — when the teacher has one division of a grade as a study group and she teaches them the first part of the period and answers their problems the last — and the study period when the odds and ends of several divisions are put together, the teacher sits at the desk correcting papers and glaring at the students who attempt to whisper.

Mr. Handy gave a talk which was valuable for the entire school so it was decided to have him speak in chapel. The group is really getting much valuable first hand knowledge in this way.

Love is like an onion—  
You take it with delight,  
And when it's gone you wonder  
Whatever made you bite.

F. Gary: — Turn around and stop looking at me.

F. McCarthy: — Oh, I just love to gaze into space.

## Fun for Twenty Cents

(Cont. from page 3).

Gradually, as we became accustomed to the darkness, objects became discernable and we took the opportunity to observe the theatre. Although it could not boast of red plush curtains nor of a pit for the orchestra, like our "Princess," it did have several distinguishing features. There were fifteen long benches, on each of which six people could sit with comfort, but where ten or more were now crammed. The first two rows were occupied by children, the last row by fond loving couples, which, sad to relate, is not so distinguishing but very ordinary. In the front of the room on either side of the screen, were two small stoves with long pipes running up to meet the ceiling. At this point my observation was interrupted for I felt a rapid shower of peanut shells, and I realized without turning that our theatre was fully equipped with a balcony and peanut shooters.

The pianist, a buxom, middle-aged woman, played two popular pieces during the entire evening — popular about three seasons ago. Her favorite selections seemed to be "Nellie Gray" and "Darling Clementine," for she played these over and over again with various embellishments. That she took her position seriously was understood since every mistake in harmony was painfully and laboriously corrected. We were convulsed with mirth when she played a calm and peaceful hymn as the hero and his lady fair were being pursued by the villain on horseback.

We had three or four very pleasant intermissions while we waited for the machinery to be adjusted for the next reel. It was then we learned, from the conversation of our neighbors, just what a horrible death the villain would meet, and how wonderful the hero was in saving his beloved's life.

The time slipped by quickly, and, although we sat neither in a loge on red plush seats nor in seats reserved two months ahead, we all agreed that it was the most entertaining theatre party we had ever attended.

## Campus Carnival

(Cont. from page 1).

Again, perhaps we shall find ourselves as English country folk enjoying our annual May festival. Wouldn't it seem like home to wind the May pole once more, and to elect our king and queen of May?

As yet we can't be sure what we are to do on the night of the carnival. You will discover that on May 22.

The committee in charge of the carnival is anxious to know whether they should charge more and collect at the sides from the townspeople, not having as many booths, or whether they should charge the small sum of ten or fifteen cents and have many booths. Let's hear the opinion of the school. It's your affair, and it's for you. Tell us what you want!

## Eastern Commercial Teachers' Association Give Demonstration at Hotel Statler

Eastern Commercial Teachers' Association, Hotel Statler, April 1, 2, 3, 4. This program was on Friday, April 3.

State Normal Schools, Bridgewater, Framingham, Salem, Massachusetts.

Demonstration Lessons in Correlated Handwriting by State Normal School Students from Bridgewater, Framingham and Salem, under the Direction of C. E. Doner, Head of the Handwriting Department.

1. Miss Rachel Johnson, Salem Normal, Demonstrating a Lesson for Commercial Students.

2. Miss Sophie Genevieve, Framingham Normal, Demonstrating a Seventh Grade Lesson.

3. Miss Mary Sullivan, Bridgewater Normal, Demonstrating the Correlation of Handwriting Through Projects.

4. Mr. Nathan Bulotsky, Bridgewater Normal, A Men's Class in Handwriting.

5. Misses Mary Sullivan, Marie Giberti, Genevieve Logan, Jane Mazzotta, Bridgewater Normal, Demonstrating Blackboard Practice.

## Scouts send Delegate to Cedar Hill

(Cont. from page 1).

making, and Brownie packs. Their aim is different from ours in that they do not train leaders, but try to keep the interest in scouting active and provide some means for those who have the interest in Scouting in common to get together. Salem Normal has a small troop. Fitchburg and Framingham have none at present, and Boston University and Sargent School are advancing along similar lines of social and recreational activity. Other colleges and normal schools are average in their scouting work. After the reports and discussion groups, we were honored with a talk by Mrs. Shaw, daughter of the late Dr. Fernald who stressed the fact that European Scouts think of scouts as a recreational activity, and they work on one or two badges thoroughly and extensively and it becomes a major in their scout work, a subject which they could teach and be an authority on. It is a specialization of subject matter — not a quick swift peep at all the badges. This lack of research and complete knowledge is very often the case in United States in working for badges and we must carry out the idea that badges are a means to an end and not an end in themselves. They open to us avenues through which we learn to know just what line of scout work we like best and then when we have found that for which we are best fitted, to go into that and earn the badges on that subject in a complete and appreciative way. Bridgewater is trying to do this.

Waitress — "Oh, I'm sorry I spilled water all over you."

Patron — "That's perfectly all right, the suit was too large anyway."

## Arletta

Written by Helen McKenney

Between the fly spots on the train window I watched the warmly glowing autumnal landscape in appreciative eyes such as are not credited to men of my business. Of course as president of the Breck Lumber Company trees would naturally be of primary interest. Yet as I now viewed those frost-bitten trees I thought of them not as so many planks of wood, but as glorious creatures of color and spirit. They, with their mellow gold and gypsy red, filled me with a sense of elation far beyond that which a yard of my timber can give me.

The abrupt stopping of the train caused me to turn from the window as if to find the reason for such an occurrence in the faces of my traveling companions.

If I had not already been aware of the train's lack of motion, I should have never gathered the fact from either the masculine-attired woman across from me who continued to snore frankly or from the only other passenger who burrowed into Arnold Bennett's "Accident" without any apparent thought of parallelism.

However I was not and probably shall never be as nonchalant about the unusual as were those with me. For it certainly was not of the ordinary to stop dead about ten miles from the next station. A desire for a little exercise, subordinated by my almost feminine curiosity, prompted me to leave the train. Stepping from the opposite side I accosted a grumpy-looking trainman, and was told shortly that engine trouble meant a half-hour delay. I was not disappointed by this chance to walk without swaying from incessant motion. Upon advancing beyond the length of the train, I was a little disgruntled to see a miserable old shack about twenty feet to the left of the track — miserable it was under its weary coat of buff; its tiredness showing in the careless slanting lean of its framework. Odious as a bill board, it haunched indifferently to its surroundings.

Because I believed the house to be deserted I walked aimlessly in its direction. I was about five feet from the hut when the door stumbled outward on one hinge and allowed a man to stand in its former position.

He contrasted as sharply with his home as his home did with its environment. About medium height and slightly above medium weight he was built on those comfortable lines which have become associated with a genial disposition. From under a shadowy felt hat his eyes glinted into mine.

"Hello, there," he chortled, and I responded with genuine pleasure.

Delighted when he failed to make the obvious statement that I must be from the train, I inquired, "What part of South Dakota is this?"

"Let's see. Ain't no special name for this here section. It's just a little south of the Black (Cont. to page 5, column 5).



## CLUBS French Club Hostess

You have heard of French tennis and French races, but have you heard of French bridge?

Had you strolled into Normal Hall on the evening of March 5, you would most likely have been greeted with "Je passe," "Je donne deux piques," or something to that effect. You may have come in on the soothing strain of "Berceuse" as rendered by Mabel Laramée, violinist, accompanied by Gwendolyn Standish. Perhaps you would be on time to partake of the delicious pastry and punch.

For those whose promenades did not extend Normalward, it would be interesting to know that on that evening, French Club played hostess to the faculty and students at a French bridge party.

Florence Kerness claimed the high prize for bridge and Edith Beade the consolation prize. Anne Connors gave vent to her suspicions in the game "I Doubt It," and merited the prize awarded to those to whom bridge was not desirable.

With "Vive les Invitees" and "Bonsoir, Confreres" French Club successfully concluded its annual card party.

## Alice in Wonderland Reappears

On Friday evening, March 6, the Library Club members were sponsors of a Mad Hatter social in the Albert Gardner Boyden Gymnasium. Many of our old friends from "Alice in Wonderland" were there in person to greet us. What a pleasure it was to renew acquaintances with the delightful March Hare, in the person of Sophie Djavorek, the dashing Mad Hatter portrayed by Maureen Shea, the timid Dormouse, Elsie Taylor, and the venturesome Alice, impersonated by Esther Tarr. The whimsical speeches of these charming characters were most amusing.

Carlson Watts and his Night Revelers from Taunton furnished the music for dancing.

One of the most interesting events of the evening was the contest in which a great array of hats, varying from the latest of spring styles to the quaintest of sunbonnets, were displayed by the guests, who vied for honors in the selection of the most beautiful and the most comical hat. Mr. Stearns and Paddy Carroll were awarded the prizes.

## Plant a Tree and Be a Naturalist

According to a very interesting talk on petrified forests entitled "Let us plant trees" given at a recent meeting of the T. C., any one who plants a tree and notifies the American Tree Society will have his name enrolled on a National list. This society encourages anyone to plant a tree as a memorial to George Washington. Let B-4 Men in on this and they shall find trees everywhere.

## Notes from the League of Nations

### Gates House Has Something to Say

The Little Dorm around the Corner has bridged the gulf of international differences once more! Faculty, students, and some delightful out-of-town guests were eye-witnesses of the be-ferned and be-hyacinthed decorative effect achieved at the Gates House bridge Saturday, March 28th.

The hospitality committee — none other than the three erudite House Officers, Miss Doris Bicknell, Miss Marie Rousseau; and Miss Dolores Rousseau, received the foreign representatives from such places as Chicopee, down on the Cape Way, and Waltham. And did these foreigners know their bridge! Ask us! Miss Cecile Giguere distributed four prizes for scores that read like Rockefeller's and Morgan's incomes. Miss Thais Maxfield took the soap for the non-rotating tables, and Miss Olive Smith was presented with stationery for the non-stationary tables. Mr. Ivan Nourse, of local fame, bitterly fought for and won the ash tray which was to go to the best man. As for the consolation prize — our professor of handicrafts annexed the Easter bunny reserved for that purpose. All the beaming victors admitted, however, that the sparklingly original tallies and table flags, designed and executed by Miss Elinor Meyer and her committee were their inspiration.

At ten o'clock, the delectable sandwiches and punch arranged by Miss Helen Robbins and her committee were rapidly consumed. Immediately after, the radio syncopated sympathetically, while some one rolled up the rug in the hall. From then on, the deck resounded with the tapping of obedient feet.

It would be an inadequate history of this party that neglected to mention the impeccable fudge that graced the bridge tables, so artistically arranged by Miss Edith Gillen and her committee, who incidentally sold the tickets that made the tables a necessary requisite. Posters, along with chapel announcements and skits were brought to the all-seeing eye of the public by Miss Charlotte Murray and her committee.

By now you've guessed it. The bridge, was a well, to put it moderately mildly, a howling success, due to the ingenuity, assistance, and perseverance of Captain Gretchen Havener and her crew of eighteen. The foreign visitors went home replenished with three hours of peppy neuron connections, exhilarating punch, and amicable relationships which are going to buy them a one-way ticket on the S. S. Gates House next time the sails are hoisted. So it's **Bon Voyage** until 1932!

Training school teacher to her class on Evacuation day: What is March 17th.

Class:—St. Patrick's day.

Teacher:—What else?

Youngster:—Evaporation day.

## Gossip

Frank Gilgrew of '30 recently staged a very successful operetta in his school at Somerset.

Bob Newbury '28 is the supervising principal in the Needham schools.

Eddie Radzuck '29 who taught at North Brookfield last year is studying at Notre Dame.

Jim Beckwith '29 is studying at State Teacher's College in California. He was married to Louise Tenney '29 shortly after graduation.

Mrs. Chan Bete formerly Anna Conant '29 has a daughter Jacqueline. "Jackie" is very modern in that she calls them **Chan** and **Ann**.

Dora Buker and Alice Faezszewska have both left this year to be married.

Eddie Knowles '29 is teaching at Fitchburg Normal.

Ruth Mitchell '29, Jeanne Laramée '30 have both been married within the past year. Previous to her marriage Ruth taught in Haverhill.

Claire Foristel '30 was married last fall and is now living at Newport.

We hear that Charlie Belcher '29 is engaged.

Of course every one, including the people of Chelmsford, know that Harry Kane is principal of one of their schools.

Mildred Hunt '29 is teaching down South.

Persis Canfield is engaged principal of training school at Hyannis Normal.

Gwen Cleverly announced her engagement at Christmas.

"Tiz" Flood married January 17.

Frances Bryant to be married in June.

Eli Bates married.

Alice Eteson married.

Betty Clarke is engaged.

Joseph M. Murphy — director of the Convention at Columbia University. Mr. Murphy is a graduate of Bridgewater and an Abington Boy. He received his B. S. degree from teachers College in 1925 and following year his A. M. degree in history. He was a member of the faculty of Hunter College for a few years after he was graduated from Columbia. Two years ago he was one of the directors of the Institute of Arts and Sciences. Besides being supervisor of the Press Association he also is an assistant to the director of University Extension.

Mlle. Marie Louise Horsin Deon, who was until very recently a member of the C class, is at Daytona, Florida, where she is recovering from a nervous breakdown. Due to the fact that she will find it next to impossible to make up the work she has lost, she has decided not to return to school.

Small Boy: — "Father, If I broke a clock could I be accused of killing time?"

Father: — "I don't think so, Son, if you could prove the clock struck first."

## Normal Hall Tells of Inside Life Woodward Tries Honor System

You may have heard of the interest in golf which has been developing during the past weeks but we doubt if your imagination has yet pictured Normal Hall enthusiasts on their knees at a recent St. Patrick's party driving potatoes by means of spoons into saucers placed on pillows. Other interesting games played at this gathering were a St. Patrick spelling bee and a geography hunt that taxed the abilities of the best geographers and taught us new things about Ireland. Refreshments were served in the form of candy and apples — the only flaw being that the apples were not green.

Irene and "Tarr" are having a contest to see who can blow the greatest number of fuses.

A new innovation is a bridge lamp on second floor landing by whose rays we peruse the dictionary and gain more light.

Bells and fire alarms now ring in Normal Hall making quiet morning snoozes impossible.

## How Goes the World

March 8. "Great Personalities in Modern France" was the subject of the lecture given by Mlle. Valentine Thomson of Paris in the Old South Church, Boston. Mlle. Valentine is a personal friend of Anatole France, Pierre Loti, Poincare, Joffre, Clemenceau, Briand, and cousin of Marcel Proust.

March 13-20. Maurice and Madame Chevalier in "Le Petit Cafe," a French film at the Fine Arts Theatre. The action and pantomime of the picture are so expressive that an extensive knowledge of French is not needed.

This theatre is experimenting with cultural foreign talkies. These films are being used in many colleges for supplementary foreign language work.

March 20. Professor Mercier of Harvard and Miss Holden of Newton are to be the speakers at a conference at Sever Hall, Harvard, at 8 o'clock in the evening. There will be a demonstration of the achievement of the objective first year French after six months work in the Bigelow Junior High School.

"The Art of Spinning and Weaving," a motion picture in two parts, was given in the auditorium on Thursday morning, April 9th. The film was sent by the Boston Museum of Fine Arts. The processes through which the colonial people had to go in making cloth were clearly illustrated.

A picture of this type would be valuable in classroom procedure where one could easily draw a comparison between the colonial and the modern methods.

Miss L — (to member of C-1) — Are you ill?

C-1 member — It's just a headache. I'll survive, I guess.

Miss L — That's too bad.

## Arletta

(Cont. from page 4).

Hills. 'Round here we calls it Arletta."

"Arletta? Isn't that a strange name," I answered not wishing to have the conversation lag.

"Not to us because we knew Arletta and her husband, Jim. You know, I got a mind you'd like to hear about them." Then without anymore acquiescence on my part that I have mentioned, he pulled me down to an old bench and began a tale which I will try to retell in his style.

"It was probably 'round twenty-one or two years ago Arletta and Jim came with their baby, Jim, Jr., from Missouri. They was aimin' to find a real home more than anything else. And though it was bad land 'round here for farming — only could raise the measliest kind of oats — Arletta and Jim thought it was pretty beautiful and they could just see their lad a growing up here big and fine as them trees yonder. Jim was a hustler so it warn't long 'for Arletta was putting up the curtains she'd made on the windows Jim'd made. And Jim had a pretty good piece of land cleared and ready to plant soon after it came spring. During the winter they was visited by some of the folks from the hill country, some good, some, well pretty wild with their drinkin' and carryin' on. When it came time for planting, Jim hated leaving Arletta alone for such a long stretch. So they fixed it up so, that if Arletta wanted Jim she'd ring the dinner bell once, but if she needed him badly she'd ring it twice. It used to help Jim a lot in his work knowing that they was in touch with one another. Long towards the end of the sowing, Jim was at the furthest edge of his land when he heard the bell ring not once, but again and again frantically; then it stopped. The silence beating in his ears, Jim started wildly towards the house. The very ground was in his way. The open rows, the boulders, the tiniest weed halted him. Twice he dropped and struggled up, his clenched fist filled with earth. With a spurt of inhuman speed he reached the door and—"

The narrator jerked me to my feet. I glanced towards the train which, cured of its ills, was ambling away. With the assistance of my legs and the strong arms of the conductor I reached the platform of the last car. On the top step I turned and shrieked, "What happened to Arletta?"

The blank windows of the house reflected the passing train.

An old colored man was burning grass when a "wise guy" stopped and said, "You're foolish to do that, Uncle Eb; it will make the meadow as black as you are."

The Judge (sternly) — Well, what's your alibi for speeding sixty miles an hour through the residence rection?

The Victim — I had just heard, your honor, that the ladies of my wife's church were giving a rummage sale and I was hurrying home to save my other pair of pants.

The Judge — Case dismissed.

## The Eyes and the Ears of S. C. P. A. Convention

Columbian: So you're from Bridgewater. How many months did it take you to get here?

B. N. Ser's (with dignity): Six hours.

Columbian (surprized): Oh! Your roller skates must be in good condition.

B. N. Ser's: Yes. We oil them occasionally.

Until we lunched at the Cafeteria in John Jay Hall at Columbia, we had always entertained the quaint notion that cafeterias were efficient, heartless, hurrying machines where droves of people rode rough shod over the dreamy hesitant diner who wondered whether he desired whipped cream or Russian dressing for his fruit salad, and whether olives or mint jelly would go best with lamb. But the curly-headed young collegian who presided over the coffee-urn at John Jay was the acme of hospitality. He initiated us into the mysterious ways of finding trays that are hidden (not with malicious intent, but for the sake of neatness, I hope) — heaped our plate with peas — chose our desert — packed our trays, — and sent us on our way rejoicing.

A brief summary of some of the speeches at the conventions which the delegates heard of . . . something's wrong" was Mr. Joseph M. Murphy's reaction to the laughter of admiring delegates, during his informal yet distinctive talks given at each general session of the convention.

(We Bridgewaterians, onions, or what have you, should congratulate ourselves upon the fact that Mr. Murphy, Head of the Scholastic Press Association, and leader of this convention, is a former student of the school.)

"Know that you are giving your readers what they want"; "when news is written, write it with a smile," were the salient points of an article by Thomas McMahon of Paterson, in the Convention Issue of Columbia Spectator.

"If the school newspaper has interested the student body in good journalism, it has taught an excellent lesson" declared Louis Wiley, Business Manager of the New York Times, in his talk on the "The Students and the Newspaper," given Friday afternoon, March 13.

One youngster from the hinterlands of Philadelphia was so elated at his proximity to the "Great White Way" that he was impelled to call his fellow "conventionals" on the house telephone and inform them that he was still going strong at the unconventional hour of 2:30 A. M.

## It's the Mode! -- Styles Reported by Delegates

We noticed in New York! Street dresses of tailored plaid. Suits, tailored or dressy, as milady wishes. Silk coats. A tendency to adorn sleeves above the elbow. Sport coats without fur. Cotton for smart sportswear. Jackets, jackets, jackets! Scarfs! Formal gowns of lace. "We believe in lace" (Lord and Taylor) Satin lace, cire lace, shadow lace, Lace and chiffon. Heavy satin for the ultra-chic formal wrap. Dancing in pajamas. Mausseline saure and embroidered organdie for summer. Figured celanese taffeta. Hats that are different. The Dutch cap. The halo. The bicorne The hat with a sloping crown. Tri-Color Theme Unusual combination of the season's colors— Pale Green Yellow Blue

Stylists urge fitting a hat to your personality. There is the tailored hat especially suited to the woman who likes tailored things.

The more conservative and truly feminine type will like the turban style. This comes in coarse shiny straw, and is trimmed with feathers.

A white hat will be selected by the maiden who wishes to accent strikingly a navy, brown, or black outfit.

Earrings are to be worn for evening to a great extent.

Separate neckpieces of flat fur to wear with tailored suits and coats without collars are favored this spring. If your suit is blue choose a white neckpiece and tie it jauntily at the side or button it over into a jabot effect.

This season Dame Fashion insists that accessories must harmonize or contrast in Milady's Spring color scheme.

Knitted things appear in the sport world. Suits, sweaters, and hats will be worn for golf and tennis, all with smartness as the watchword.

Red White Rust Gray Brown Rust, pale yellow and peacock blue used together.

Gertrude Laird.

Mr. Stearns, when talking in Civic Biology about intoxicated bees, must have meant those tottering individuals in the B gym class.

## Delegates see "The Green Pastures", a Pulitzer Prize Play

While in N. Y. we were fortunate in seeing one of the season's most successful plays "The Green Pastures," by Marc Connelly which is the Pulitzer Prize Play of 1930. "The Green Pastures" is an attempt to present certain aspects of a living religion in the terms of its believers. The religion is that of thousands of negroes in the deep South. With terrific spiritual hunger and the greatest humility these illiterate blacks have adapted the contents of the Bible to the consistencies of their every day lives.

They accept the Old Testament as a chronicle of wonders which happened to people like themselves in vague but actual places and this true acceptance will lead them to a three-dimensional Heaven. In this Heaven, if one has been born in a district where fish fries are popular, the angels have magnified fish fries through an eternity somewhat resembling a series of earthly holidays. The Lord Jehovah will be the promised comforter. The Lord may look like the Reverend Mr. DuBois as our Sunday School teacher speculate in the play or he may resemble another believer's own grandfather and his face will have an earthly familiarity to one who has come for his reward.

The story was developed by means of a series of scenes of the Old Testament as they were being told to a Group of children in Sunday School and was a magnificent creation.

## Miss Giguere Gives Rule for Making Fudge

I have an infallible recipe for making fudge. It is as indefinite as a Southern Mammy's recipe for making pancakes — and it is just as successful.

The first thing to do is to measure out into the proper pan as much sugar as will be necessary to make whatever quantity of fudge you desire. A great deal of sugar will make a great deal of fudge; less sugar will make less fudge.

Then pour into the sugar enough milk to make a thick paste. This step is important because it is the one which decides whether or not the fudge will be a success; if too much milk is used, the mixture will never turn to sugar.

For chocolate fudge, add enough cocoa to color this paste the shade you like your fudge. Some people prefer a dark fudge, others like theirs very light. The amount of cocoa also affects the taste. Too much of it will make the candy taste too strong.

A pinch of salt added here will, for some unknown reason, add greatly to the flavor of the finished fudge.

Boil this mixture over a slow fire until a drop of it will harden when put in cold water. This testing is best done in a shallow (Next column).

## Making Fudge

(Cont. from column 3).

dish filled with water, because the hardened candy is more easily seen then and reached with the finger.

When the fudge has been proved to be properly cooked, remove the pan from the fire, and place it in a larger dish which has been half-filled with water. Let it cool here for fifteen minutes or so, after as much butter as you can afford has been added, and a teaspoon of vanilla flavoring.

Beat the fudge then, until it begins to turn to sugar. Because it has been allowed to cool somewhat, this will not take long. This recipe is really labor-saving. Pour the mixture immediately into buttered pans, and place these in a cool place until the candy has hardened.

When the fudge is hard, cut it into squares. I should advise small squares; they go a long way; and this fudge is so good your friends won't spare it.

Try it some time, and see.

## Faculty and Students Give Opinions of Paper

Students and Teachers interviewed on their opinion of Campus Comment gave their opinions represented by following.

Louise M. Pratt. There is not enough personal news in the paper. I feel that it has been written up simply to provide the school with a paper.

Marie Giberti. We ought to have a magazine. There are quite a number of high schools that have good magazines and I don't see why we can't.

Mary Adamzyke. There are not enough personals. I would like it better if there were some interesting stories.

Ruth Glidden. I would like it better if there were more jokes about the people in the school.

The following teachers frankly gave their opinions.

Mr. Huffington said, "It has improved considerably since I have been here. There should be more and better articles in the forum. I should like more news about the school. With continued improvement it is going to be very good."

Mr. Shaw: I think it is very interesting, but it seems more like a High School paper than a Normal School paper. I think the Normal School students can make a better paper.

Miss Davis: I like the paper very much and think it is good. There are so many other activities and so much school work that it is difficult to spend as much time on it as there should be spent. I think a personal column would be interesting.

Miss Smith: I don't think Campus Comment is as good as the school ought to have, however, the students have so much other work that they have not enough time to devote to it.

## True Friends

Of all the people that you greet As you go strolling down the street

Just how many If any

Are your true friends?

Of all the friendships that you form

Be it on the train, bus, or at the dorm

Just how many If any

Are your true friends?

When that old, old question, "What is a true friend?" is put up for discussion, it makes me grit my teeth to hear the answer come back "the one who sticks by you in trouble." It may be true that true friends stay by you in trials and triumphs alike, but is that the only test?

A friend need not be present to be true, although personal relationship seems to strengthen friendship. The spiritual helping hand of a friend may be most helpful when physical aid would do no good.

You cannot name at the moment your good friends. Years may go by and you may never realize who your true friends are. No extraordinary feats of devotion or fidelity need be performed to prove true friendship.

When your locks have turned to silver sheen

You may find to your dismay

That your truest friend walked unseen

Beside you day by day.

Helen L. Foye, D-5

## Hope Revived

Today Your picture seemed to speak to me

To warn me and to disagree

To tell me Life has much to share If I would only seek it There.

Your eyes are steely cold and still As if they doubted any Will I might have had to stop and give The best I could: my Life to live.

That cold accusing look I took As if 'twere written in the Book And made myself a better man To show you what I really am.

My life to live I owe to you Millions of thanks would be too few

But from it I have learned to see The Best is what He's given me.

Connie Church

A B-3 who shall be nameless gave a highly illuminating impression of the word "Spain." The S, she says, is a senorita in a balcony; the "p" her serenading Romeo; and as she won't say aye (ai), he has **pain!** There's something parenthetically wrong in this explanation, but there is no doubt about its originality!

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## BOOKS

"All the things worth saying were said a thousand years ago," said Mr. Peacock quite a few years ago — and proceeded to say many things in several volumes. Let's be quaint. Let's go back a while and find out what people wrote about when the fact that there's nothing new under the sun was just a bit newer to the minds of men.

Crotchet Castle  
Peacock

This novel by Peacock is one of a most peculiar type. It is not realistic, like its predecessors, but neither is it romantic as were the novels of the writers who followed Peacock. The writer is whimsical but very satirical. The choice of names for the characters in itself is most amusing. Peacock shows that he is a scholar in his classical quotations and references; he also plainly shows his fondness for poetry. No time is spent in describing characters, yet each character is typified so that we know what to expect from each. Crotchet Castle is the work of a cynic, but the cynic is a good natured one. There is romance to be found in the novel but it is portrayed in such an extraordinary way as to appear very nearly absurd. This short novel is very strong and well worth reading and studying.

## Book Review

"The Good Earth" by Pearl S. Buck is the latest book in the lending library.

"The Good Earth" is China. In this story the West is a distant and unimportant phenomenon, and Europeans appear only vaguely and then are to be noted for their ugliness and stupidity. Wang Lung, the hero, knows of no desire so strong as the Chinese desire for land, which means security; his customs are only right customs; his misfortunes China has always suffered; he gets rich by Chinese industry and his happiness is Chinese happiness. The people in this rather thrilling story are not "queer" or "exotic" they are as natural as their soil. They are so intensely human that after the first chapter you are more interested in their humanity than in the novelties of belief and habit. O-Lan, the first wife, is great character heroic, incredibly self-sacrificing, accepting her status of slave so willingly that the reader forgets it. When in a suburb scene, the famine drives the family southward, the Chinese tenacity which holds together their moral in unspeakable hardships, seems as natural to the American reader as romantic love. You go Chinese in this book, and after reading it can never again think of the Chinese struggle and the Chinese people as drab, far away, and incomprehensible.

Wang Lung is a Chinese symbol of every man who has ever worked his way up in the world. His very finger nails grip upon the land; from the old rich lord, decaying and dissolute, he gets foot after foot of rich rice land. Famine, war, sickness, sweep over him. He softens when he gets rich and discovers sensuality. The play-girl, Lotus, is brought home and put ahead of the time-worn O-Lan. But he never holds the land. The land is China.

Those who suppose that the life story of a Chinese peasant will be monotonous will have a surprise when they read this book. It did not have to be about a strange country in order to be interesting and yet, in reading, one wonders why it seems so much more tense and dramatic than would be a like story laid in Dakota. The answer seems to be that more happens in Wang Lung's neighborhood, and less can happen to Wang Lung's self. It is the Middle Ages in which these Chinese contemporaries of ours live. They have law and property rights, but no sure government. Bandits and blackmailers harass them, the rag, tag and bobtail of broken armies harrow them. When famines come they are helpless as mice. And yet in this change and turmoil the Chinese character is like a rock. Traits have been bred into them. Wang Lung is brutal to his wife, tyrannical with his children, superstitious, miserly, sensual, but he has an ideal — land and a family, and a complete honesty which makes a Puritan seem less moral than he is.

It is not necessary to question Mrs. Buck's knowledge of these Chinese people. It is guaranteed by her experience, perhaps, but what makes it convincing is the book itself. This is surely as sympathetic and knowledgeable a picture of Chinese life as is possible for a Westerner. And "The Good Earth", rather surprisingly, is a very good novel. Most books of other races are not, no matter how vivid and interesting they may be. But Mrs. Buck has the story-teller's gift. She sees life like a reel unrolling, scene after scene, each exhibiting character. Ching, Cuckoo, Lotus, the Old One, O-Lan, and Wang himself are not likely to be forgotten. They will change that impassive face with its slanting eye into something individual and knowable for you henceforth. A Chinese famine, a Chinese looting, a Chinese uprising, a Chinese spring will mean something different after reading "The Good Earth".

Book-of-the-Month Club News.

Mary Sullivan.

## The Imperial Palace

This is Evelyn Archam's story, the managing director of that last word in luxury, The Imperial Palace Hotel. Not only is the story of him, it is likewise the story of the most distant doorkeeper for the servants' entrance, the temperamental chef, the housekeepers on various floors, the reception manager, and all who had so whole-heartedly poured their very souls into the service of the great institution.

Certainly Evelyn Archam is the autocrat of autocrats. You see him as he rises at 4:30 in the morning and appears correctly dressed — always correctly dressed — to accompany his meat buyer to market, as he visits the laundry, the kitchen, the checking room, and as he greets the new arrival.

For nearly twenty years Evelyn had been a widower and his personal life is an enigma until Gracie Savott breaks through his reserve. She, the gay and vivacious millionaire's daughter, has always had what she wished, so, when she decides to see how the Imperial Palace is managed by Evelyn, she does just that. Later, when she wants to be Evelyn's mistress in a Paris flat, she does just that.

"And all about and around the amazing affair of Gracie and Evelyn runs the stream of life of the Imperial Palace, complex, colorful, full of petty politics, human, inhuman, efficient, and endless."

Arnold Bennett has written this exciting history of modern life with whole-souled delight. He seems just to revel in the development of the complexities of the study of this great organization. Subordinate to it is the plot, if such it may be called. Particularly does the reader find enjoyment in the detailed diagnosis of the most minute detail of hotel management. There is nothing of the tiresome type of explanation though the seven hundred and sixty-nine pages are chiefly description.

There is, in every instance, a careful character drawing and equally as careful an analysis of the workings of the inner mind. As we read we live and feel with the character being portrayed and Mr. Bennett has skillfully drawn every type known to a great hotel, typified by the Imperial Palace and its personnel.

Unconsciously we learn. We learn the psychology of dealing with the irate guest, the finical business man, the ever efficient heads of departments, and the unmanageable subject.

Arnold Bennett has here performed an unusual task and has given to us a new and highly individual creation. The familiar reminisce as they read, the unfamiliar marvel at the majesty, the mammoth of luxury, The Imperial Palace Hotel.

Mabel E. Harris

## America's Way Out

Norman Thomas has written a thoughtful and challenging book. It is an uncomfortable book, and the facts which it tells about the industrial scene here in the U. S. are scarcely calculated to give assurance that all is well.

Mr. Thomas writes vividly and brings his guns to bear on the complacent belief that this is a country which prosperity has peculiarly blessed — a country in which the masses of the people participate adequately in the wealth and comforts which their machines have created. To challenge this belief he calls attention to such facts as our income tax returns.

He introduces in evidence the average wage scales of many industries which are below the level that scientific studies have found necessary to support a family of five, assuming that the worker is steadily employed.

His picture of capitalism is the picture of a system that has broken down, a system that is planless, unorganized, and chaotic, a system in which there is tragic underconsumption by the mass of workers who cannot buy back the equivalent of what they really produce.

Mr. Thomas considers two remedies — what he calls "the new capitalism" and socialism. By the new capitalism he means the emphasis which our more progressive business leaders are placing on such plans as diffusion of stock ownership. He finds in the new capitalism no signs of a program which will banish unemployment, tariff walls, wars, and other evils.

It is to socialism therefore that Mr. Thomas turns for relief — not the old socialism of Marx, but to a system which Mr. Thomas might term "new socialism". For Mr. Thomas ventures to ask his fellow socialists such questions as, "Can a generation which has had to go far beyond the Darwinian biology be expected to find Marx, who was also the child of his time, infallible?"

Consequently he holds that the Marxian doctrine of economic determinism is "inadequate". He has the same opinion, too, of class conflict. "It takes more than a shouting class struggle effectively organize a socialist world." Someone has said that this and his chapter on communism, an excellent piece of analysis — may help to explain why Mr. Thomas's name is so enthusiastically booed at communist meeting in New York.

"America's Way Out" is a stimulating book. New methods of control.

Have You Caught It?  
-- The "Midget Craze"

(Apologies to Elsie McCormick)

The "Midget Craze" has been so prevalent in the United States this past year that I for one was certain that I did not want to hear it again during my lifetime, but with a new light on it my interest was aroused. What next you ask? Next: The Midget Husband.

I was not aroused because I was thinking of taking the fatal step, but because it was, although midget, a little out of the ordinary.

Economic determinism is responsible, we are told. The popularity of the small man is linked up with the craze for objects of diminutive size and most of all — modern apartments. In the latter case an undersized gentleman is not only a fashion but a convenience.

Picture, if you will, a dinette. The couple are seated, and the telephone rings. Gentlemenly always, Oscar jumps up to answer it, lifting the little nook from its moorings, and his wife from the hold she has on her disposition.

Alvin has been turned loose in the kitchenette. He is a broad shouldered individual. Shrieks are heard. Friend wife rushes in. A call for a blow torch. Alvin is wedged between the icebox and the sink.

Prescott is trying to make himself comfortable on the day bed, when he suddenly discovers his feet resting on the umbrella stand in the foyer.

Modernistic furniture, with its low tables under which no caterpillar could crawl, or chairs with turned-under metal legs which bend at a harsh glance, is going to mean that our taller and larger men must migrate to museums and settle down amid the sturdier furniture of our ancestors.

Cheer up, although a day may come when everybody will live comfortably in doll houses — I don't believe the craze can last forever.

C. A. C.

## Wanted No Middleman

A colored man went to his pastor and handed him a letter to the Lord, which ran: "Please send this poor darkey \$50 right away." The pastor, a kind-hearted man, called together several of his friends and said: "The poor fellow has so much faith in the Lord that he expects Him to send the \$50 right away. We shouldn't let him be disappointed. Let's make a collection for him." This was done and \$42 was contributed, which sum was sent to the ingenious petitioner.

Next day the colored man handed the parson another letter. This one ran: "Dear Lord: de nex' time You send dis darkey money, don't send it through no parson — send it to me direct."

Try 'Em — Toasted Frankforts

"Have a spread with these, And your friends you'll surely please."

## BRADY'S DINER

Next to the P. O.

## Faculty Notes

Miss Rand gave a radio talk on Music and Education on Friday, April — over station W N A C.

Miss Moffitt on February 22 talk over the same network on the subject "What Shall Our Children Read." Mr. Hunt is taking up a hobby — flower gardening — we wonder if he has by any chance secured a "garden attire."

Mr. Huffington found that his class in etology was sadly lacking in first hand knowledge so he took them on a hunt — over hill and dale — through briars and brambles at last — the class found something — a kettle hole — one with a blue hole in it.

Mr. Shaw recently took his freshman class of boys on a geological trip through Quincy, Nantasket and various places in these localities.

We haven't been able to find anything more about what our faculty has been doing, but we do urge them to volunteer some information for the next issue.

Training School  
Notes

The model school seems to be holding its own under the onslaught of another contingent of amateur, but enthusiastic, teachers. How goes the world with the would-be teachers?

Have you happened to see:

A vivacious young Normalite playing a spirited game of "Bluebird, Bluebird in My Window?"

A not-so-vivacious, but equally young, Normalite running for the six-forty train a' mornings?

A near-monotone learning a rote song in order to teach it for Miss Rand?

A hopeful young gym teacher practicing the courage vault on a piano bench, as part of her preparation to teach for Miss Decker?

Anyone exhibiting a morbid interest in China?

Seriously though, Miss Rand is planning a spring festival of original songs to be given in the Horace Mann Auditorium by the children of the training school, and in many rooms they are hard at work writing their poems and composing their music.

The Men's meet in the Gym, Thursday, March 19, met with the entire approval of the young visitors from across the way; especially that of the boys, who were fervent in their admiration of what the "big boys" could do.

"Don't worry 'bout dat, sah," responded Uncle Eb, "Dat grass will grow out and be as green as you are."

## BLUEBIRD SHOP

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## Normal Frog

Being naturally uninterested in aquatic creatures I have never found anything of interest in the discourses of the Normal Frog, but then we have entirely different chintiles. I doubt if he ever has occasion to view my friend the day-students, with the exception of course, of one or two young men who find the night air in Bridgewater highly invigorating. My rambles occur mostly in that large room with such an abundance of furniture — and what changes I've seen there recently. Every noon my friends dine off of what they call linen table cloths and they have even told me that there is an orchestra behind the screen. I've never seen the orchestra and of course I couldn't hear it above the noise, but one day they must have been playing "Tiger Rag" or something equally fast because there was a terrible uproar and the screen toppled over. Such nice girls the day-students are and so fond of their studies. Why the other day a whole group gathered about while one girl gave a problem for the rest to solve — one of Mr. Durgin's course, I believe. It was to the effect that if Harry had \$6 and Grace had \$2, how much would they both have? And someone began to hum "O, O, O Would you like to take a walk?" I'm still wondering why they laughed. They're a great bunch, but I keep out of sight when they're around because it causes too much commotion.

The graduates of past years show up now and then. They are a good thermometer of business conditions.

Mac is desirous of entering Barber's College—he gives quite a trimming. Ask a certain young lady about his hair-raising stunts.

Tea was to be served at the dance Saturday afternoon. It was to be invisible tea. Someone laid down the teapot and forgot where he put it.

I'm still trying to find out what a hack-saw has to do with Ethics.

Christmas presents must be worn at some time or other, I suppose. Ties, all models and all colors, are being taken from their Christmas wrappers and are being nonchalantly sported about the campus.

One young man spilled corn flakes on himself one morning. He says they are the same as egg stains on your vest — no good that way.

Prunes are good for little boys, and little girls, too, for that matter.

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## SPORTS

### Juniors Beat Seniors Sophs Winners of Interclass Basketball

The first game in the interclass series was a rugged affair with the Juniors emerging victorious, 27 to 16, over the Senior team.

The passing game that the Juniors flashed was the means by which they copped the verdict, all their baskets being from under the hoop, the result of excellent teamwork.

For the Juniors, Desmond with six floor shots and one from the foul line was the leading scorer. Carroll and Pimental featured for the winners. White played a nice passing game at the pivot position. The side-line dashes of Carreiro were enjoyed by all. Buckley and Najarian featured for the losers.

In the second game of the series, the Freshmen ran away with the Sophomores, 33 to 25.

The game was filled with action from start to finish, with the Freshmen always managing to keep out in front. Ahearne and Copeland featured for the winners. Sweeney was high scorer for the losers.

### Enterprise Basketball Tournament

#### Abington Bearcats forfeit to Normal School Players

The Brunswick A. A., composed of Normal school players is competing in the Enterprise Basketball Tournament at the Brockton Y. M. C. A. In the first round they received a forfeit as the Abington Bearcats failed to appear. In the second round the Brunswick A. A. competes against Oko Seconds, Brockton.

### Baseball News

The men have already started practice and Captain Cullen reports that the following men will probably make up the team.

Welch, Ahearne, Desmond, Carroll, Lewis, Goeres, Burke, Shockley, Clough, Morey and Lowder. Ahearne and Morey are the only two freshmen who have made the team.

The schedule is not yet complete, but as it is now the first game will take place at Middlesex. Bridgewater expects to play teams from Brown, Keene, New Hampshire, Fitchburg, and the Alumni.

### Flynn's Specialty Shop

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of all kinds.

### Fascinating new Game is now the Craze

An extensive program of spring sports is being planned. So far it includes the ever popular game of tennis and its first cousin, paddle tennis. Both of these are under the supervision of "Freckles" Schreiber, our head of tennis.

Along with tennis comes swimming. Eleanor Hazeltine head of Swimming, hopes that we can get into the swim again at the remodelled pool at the Brockton Y. W. C. A. If the life-saving course is not continued there will be general swimming for small groups or individuals at thirty cents a swim or two dollars for a ten-swim ticket.

Batting a soft ball around the gym in the game of indoor baseball has been supervised by "Mitch", head of minor sports. With spring has come the urge to get into the real game and a spring baseball schedule is being planned by Eleanor Hazeltine.

On her program for Spring minor sports, Aloise Mitchell has listed golf, track, archery and volleyball.

Spring weather is drawing forth Normal students who have hibernated for the winter for afternoon strolls or hikes, according to the temperament of the individual. Soon the great trek to Carver's will begin, where Nature offers such a variety of specimens for study. Bedford Street, once a favorite stroll, is now little frequented by the Normal students. Of course it "ain't what it used to be." In the Spring a young girl's fancy

Turns to thoughts and beaux, She forgets that old man Winter Lurks in all the winds that blow, Pouncing on that little maiden When he sees resistance low: She must now her pep and vigor Bolster up and fresh anew. "Spring Sports, little girl" says the old health doctor "Is what I prescribe for you." D. J. Dinegan.

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### Golf Expert gives Demonstration at Bridgewater

John Sheehan gives talk to  
W. A. A.

Twenty percent of the people playing golf today are school teachers," stated John Sheehan of Oak Ridge Golf Course in his informal talk to the W. A. A. members Wednesday afternoon, March 18. "Some of them are men, some women," he went on, "and I think the women are better." After the laughter had subsided he added "I say that because there are no men present."

Speaking of the popularity of the game he said, "Bobby Jones is another reason why the game of golf is so popular today," and as an example of this he cited the enthusiasm of Babe Ruth who, he says, "gets more pleasure out of a long golf drive than he does from a home run."

Mr. Sheehan explained "out of bounds" regulations, the tournament score plan, greens, fairways, par, teeing off.

Following his talk he gave an excellent practical demonstration.

An opportunity to study golf under the tutorage of Mr. Sheehan is open to all. Just think—girls — only three dollars (\$3) to become an expert golfer under such an expert teacher.

### Tennis Schedule Announced

Although this sport has come into prominence only in the last few years Bridgewater is doing very well and hopes this year to be even more successful.

On May 8 the first game will take place on the home courts when Bridgewater plays the Fall River Tennis Club team which is reputed as being an exceptionally fine team. May 13 at Tabor Academy, May 16 at Keene, New Hampshire the team from Keene Normal which was defeated by Bridgewater last year by a 6-0 score. May 18 at home, playing Thayer Academy.

It is also hoped that it will be possible to arrange games with Fitchburg, Moses Brown, the Rhode Island School of Design and others. The schedule will be announced from time to time through this paper.

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### The Melody Lingers On

"Oh! How I Love You"—B. N. S.  
"When My Dreams Come True"  
June 15, 1931

"It's A Lonesome Old Town"  
Bridgewater

"Three Little Words"  
Did I Pass?

"Blue Again"  
Worrying over that test

"Cheerful Little Earful"  
I have a position

"Little By Little"  
Class A Treasury

"Sleepy Town Express"  
Economics Class

"Sing, You Singers"  
Chapel on Fridays

"Little White Lies"  
Excuses for absences

"Would You Like to Take A  
Walk?" — Men of the Class

"I'm Sitting On Top of the  
World" — Harold Goeres

"A Peach of A Pair"  
Gwen and Pres

"Dizzy Fingers"  
Johy Buckley

"Be Careful With Those Eyes"  
Alice Swenson

"Betty Co-ed"  
Eleanor Hazeltine

"Embraceable You"  
Barbara Beesley

"Sweeter Than Sweet"  
Alice Eldridge

"My Pretty Blue Eyes"  
Evelyn Lindquist

"Smiling Irish Eyes"  
Mary Lavelle

"Lonesome Lover"  
"Ossie" Bearse

"If I Had a Talking Picture  
of You" — Tommie Costello

"We're Friends Again"  
Florence and Teresa

"For I'm A Gay Caballero"  
Aubrey Evans

"You're Mean to Me"  
Willard Maloney

"Sweetheart of My Student  
Days" — Gladys Wilkie

"I Love Me" — Frank Geary

"Reaching for the Moon"  
Edward Landy

"When I Take My Sugar To  
Tea" — "Gus" Averill

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